

Floating Is Not Mandatory by Fifrildi

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Summary: As Losers, they have experienced all kinds of things. But what will happen when they meet a shape-shifting, man-eating, over a billion years old being from another dimension? A collection of short stories. AU.

1. Georgie meet Pennywise

This is going to be a collection of all kinds of short stories starring the characters from the movie IT (2017) and IT Chapter Two. Might include something from older versions as well as the book later on.

These will be AU stories since I feel like we need more good! Pennywise in our world.

Disclaimer: I do not own the characters or anything. Just having fun and enjoying writing again! Hope you enjoy too!

Drip...drop drip...drip splash drip splash splash...

A pair of rubber boots splashed through running water that had yet to be drained by the sewers. It had been raining quite heavily and despite the sewers working at hundred percent, small and medium size streams had formed on the surface of streets. Though nothing serious or world changing, not in Derry at least.

At least it gave children a good way to have fun. It's not every day that instead of going to a nearby river, you could play almost in front of your house. There, completely safe and almost under the supervision of parents.

Almost.

George Denbrough rarely went against his parents' wishes. Not saying that they were overprotective or anything, actually they were pretty average when it came to rules and restrictions. You know, just no spending time outside after 8 pm and telling where he was going and with whom. The usual.

Of course, George was still young which might have given him some extra rules compared to his older brother, but not anything special. And George was completely fine with what he had.

Like today.

Dressed in his bright yellow raincoat, George almost ran through the front door of his family's house. In his hands he held a paperboat his older brother had just made. "S.S Georgie" was written on its side.

"Bye, Billy!" he waved excitedly at the figure standing behind one of the second floor's windows, his voice almost drowned by the pouring rain.

William or like many knew him, Bill, waved back and watched in silence as George ran off and vanished from sight. Bill took one glance towards the gray sky and shuddered at the thought of being outside. That's a no from him, thanks. And with that he left the window, leaving also behind the thoughts of his brother running outside in the stormy weather.

Letting the paperboat float freely onward George ran slightly behind it. The current of small stream was powerful enough to carry the boat's weight but not that strong that the boat would slip out of the young boy's watchful eyes. Nope, George had decided to be careful and not lose his new toy. He would be sharp, or so he had planned.

Passing an intersection, the small stream got slightly bigger which made the boat's speed accelerate. Tiny spark of worry flashed in George's mind as he noticed this, and the horrible feeling grew as the distance started to grow.

Eyes locked on to his ship he tried to keep up with it. But it was so fast. Too fast.

He needed to stop it.

Quickly dodging under a caution boarder to save time, in his haste George did not notice the second one almost behind the first. His head collided with it before he could do anything, collision making him fall backwards and on his back.

Pulsing ache starting to spread on his forehead, George blinked slowly as he breathed, confusion and surprise on his features. That had hurt. Really, really hurt. The corners of his eyes were stinging but nothing managed to escape them even though his head felt really

bad right now.

Slowly he was able to collect his thoughts and raised his head off the ground, turning to his side to climb to his feet. "The boat..." he remembered, gaze directed down at his hands that were pressed against the wet surface of the street.

Turning to look at the direction where he had been heading, George could see the boat. Not even so far away from where he was sitting.

Stopped. Stuck.

Happiness woke in the boy's chest. He got it!

Quickly finding his balance, he rose onto his feet and started to run again.

This time he would take better care of it.

Her. That's what Bill had said. You should always call boat a she. He would not let her escape again. She was a gift from Bill after all.

Except...

For a split second the current got stronger and managed to release the boat again. To move again. Towards the...

"No!"

The boat vanished from George's sight to the depths of the sewer, leaving the boy helplessly run those couple of steps that had been between them before he could kneel beside the hole. Face twisted with sadness and disappointment, George tried to see through the darkness. Nothing.

"Bill is going to kill me," he murmured to himself, clinging to the hope that he could still find the boat even though it looked more than impossible now. "*Oh Bill...*"

It was then that he got surprised for a second time that day.

From the utter darkness, two bright blue eyes suddenly snapped

open, their piercing gaze directed right at the boy. A surprised yelp escaped George's mouth in the same time as he jumped slightly away from the sewer.

"Hiya, Georgie," came a singsong greeting from the darkness. The eyes moved closer and as much as the hole let light into the sewer, it revealed a pale face with red lips and lines drawn to it.

A clown.

Georgie swallowed, fear from the surprise vanishing and transforming into nervousness that settled heavily in his stomach. He looked at the thing without replying anything back until he noticed something familiar rising into his view. The clown's pale hand holding his boat, S.S Georgie.

"What a nice boat," the clown said, smiling widely. "Do you want it back?"

Georgie swallowed silently. "Umm, yes please." Manners had to be respected still even though he wasn't that comfortable with this stranger.

The pale hand holding the paperboat lowered as the clown tilted its head. "You seem like a nice boy," the clown replied suddenly, voice lowering to something almost like a whisper. "I bet you have a lot of friends."

"Three," Georgie answered without thinking much of it, before clarifying, "but my brother is my best best." His parents had said that talking to strangers wasn't wise but what would someone do with that information. He did not say his brother's name or anything after all.

"Oh, where is he?" the clown continued, seemingly eager to continue their conversation, that smile never leaving its face.

Georgie's expression held a bit of sadness. "In bed, sick," he said. Right now the idea of leaving the house at all didn't feel that good.

The clown glanced sideways like thinking for a split second. "I think I could cheer him up. I could give him a balloon," it said, nodding and

then continuing, "Do you want a balloon, Georgie?"

The boy knew exactly what to say to that. "I'm not supposed to take stuff from strangers," he replied, repeating the sentence that had been said so many times by his parents. He just wanted his boat back and go back home where Bill was.

"Oh, well I'm Pennywise, the Dancing Clown," the clown introduced itself with a smile and shook its head, making a light jingling sound. A sound that reminded Georgie of Christmas tree decorations, somehow calming even though that nervousness was still present.

"Pennywise," the clown, Pennywise, nodded and motioned with its hand towards itself and then at the boy, "yes, meet Georgie. Georgie meet Pennywise."

That earned a small laugh from Georgie, the simple and silly introduction amusing the boy and lightening the mood momentarily.

Pennywise shook its head, smile never leaving its face. "Now we aren't strangers, aren't we?" it asked, watching the boy's reactions. Georgie was still being further away from the sewer, a good distance away.

"Clever boy."

Not answering to the question however, Georgie looked from side to side and into the darkness that surrounded Pennywise. It was pitch dark. "What are you doing in a sewer?" he voiced his thoughts, turning his attention back to the clown who pursed its lips a little.

"Oh, the storm blew me away," Pennywise said, voice dropping a little. "Blew the whole circus away." But despite the probably sad news, the clown chuckled like trying to lighten up the situation. However, the painted lips of the clown turned slightly down from that goofy grin. "Can you smell the circus, Georgie?"

Raising his head a little the boy took a small sniff but could smell only wet grass and sewer stench. He wanted to scrunch his nose.

"There's peanuts, cotton candy, hot dogs," the clown listed smoothly, grin appearing on its face again as it continued with a questioning,

"and...?"

Georgie thought for a second before it clicked. "Popcorn?" he asked, wondering if that's what the clown was suggesting.

"Popcorn!" Pennywise said excitedly, looking happy that the boy had guessed right. "Isn't that your favorite?" it asked.

Georgie nodded with an audible "uh-huh" confirmation leaving his mouth, smiling as he thought about the movie nights they'd had with Bill. Popcorn was naturally a very important part of those nights.

Sharing his smile, Pennywise seemed to jump slightly. "Mine too! Because they pop. Pop! Pop pop!" he laughed, making Georgie giggle, smile reaching even the child's eyes now. The clown laughed with him for a second before its voice calmed and its gaze seemed to just start staring ahead and at nothing. A change so sudden that Georgie dropped his smile as well, feeling suddenly cold and wanting to back away from the sewer again.

"Um, I should probably go now," he offered politely. It was actually starting to get cold, his fingers feeling slightly numb as they rest against the concrete. Perhaps he could spend some time with Billy inside instead.

Pennywise seemed to snap out of whatever it was thinking, blinking and bringing the paperboat up and in Georgie's range of vision again. "Without your boat?" it asked, rising it just high enough that Georgie could grab it if he leaned forward and into the sewer. "You don't want to lose it, Georgie. Bill's going to kill you."

Georgie swallowed, remembering how he had sworn to protect the boat. How he was her Captain and would not let anything happen to it.

"Here," the clown said quietly. "Take it."

Georgie looked at the boat and then at Pennywise. It was like something was changing in those eyes or was it his imagination. One second they were blue and then they looked like light yellow. And then they were blue again.

The boy hesitated, but then started to reach into the sewer. He would be careful not to slip.

Pennywise stared straight at him, and every movement that Georgie made was followed by those piercing eyes. They watched as those small fingers came closer to the boat, reaching, trying to get to it obviously in attempt to just take it quickly away before running back home.

"How many times would children do things like this before they learn?"

"No taking stuff from strangers."

"Such a brave, or foolish, fellow. Is your brother scarier than I?"

"It's been so long."

"Empty. Hungry... hunGrY."

"Not this... one."

"KiLL!"

...

"I promised to be careful, Billy..."

The sharp look in those eyes changed quickly from blue to orange to blue again. As small fingers grabbed the paperboat and quickly pulled back, the clown remained where it was, standing still, hand hovering in the air but now empty.

Georgie brought his precious toy closer, turning it over to find it completely intact before bringing it gently against his chest. She was okay. Nothing was broken. Warmth returned to his chest as some of his worry dissipated.

Then, he looked back towards the sewer.

Only to find the clown gone, nothing but darkness greeting him.

Georgie blinked in surprise. He hadn't heard anything, not a single

step or jingle.

"Mister Pennywise?" he called, but did not dare to lean closer to the sewer however.

Silence greeted him again. The clown was gone.

"Thank you," Georgie murmured silently, eyes turning to the boat he held as he stood up, knees aching a little because of the awkward position he had been in. Shaking that numbness off his limbs the boy turned to head towards the direction he had come from to return home. But before breaking into a run he gave one last glance to the direction of the sewer.

It was still empty though.

"See you later!" he said out loud, not at all sure if the clown could hear him or not. Then he broke into a run. Home felt like the best place right now.

As the yellow clad boy left, the clown listened him go. Standing silently in the darkness it heard every word the boy said and even listened to the small steps that moved slowly further away until turning at a crossroad. There the clown stopped following the sound.

Well, that was... interesting.

Pennywise pursed its lips before the corners of its mouth turned a bit down. "Oh meH..." came a mixture of growl and whine.

Then the sewer was silent and empty once more.

2. Hop, hop, bite!

Chapter summary: Small can be fierce.

"So could someone remind me why we're here again," Richie scratched his head, leaning his chin against his palm.

The members of Losers Club were sitting on a large blanket that was placed over some quite fresh looking grass. It'd been raining almost a week now and this was the first day that sun had shone longer than two hours. The park they were now spending their time looked just like the grass, bright and fresh. Trees, bushes and grass all looking nice and colorful.

Perfect time for the Easter Egg Hunt.

"I've t-told you many t-times," Bill replied, looking at the cards he was holding and giving three spades to Ben who was sitting next to him.

Ben placed his hand over the cards and then started to turn the ones he was holding, making some small glances forward and back. Bill meanwhile turned his attention to where he had last seen his little brother.

Dressed in blue jacket and grey pants as well as some sneakers, the boy was running around the park, vanishing into bushes with his basket and appearing suddenly again, sometimes with a couple of more colorful eggs with him. Bill found his brother quite quickly and seeing that everything was fine, started to pay attention to the card game again.

"I-I didn't say y-you must come h-here too," he said, seeing how the group didn't exactly look so excited. Well, Richie at least didn't, seeing how he was pressing his cheek against his palm and using his cards as a fan. As if that did anything. And besides, it wasn't that warm.

The Easter Egg Hunt was organized every year. The park would work as a playground where a certain amount of Easter eggs would be

hidden and then children of certain age could go looking for them. Of course, there were adults monitoring that everything would go well and there wouldn't be any disturbances caused by outsiders. That included certain older teenagers of Derry as well as sometimes some adults who just couldn't behave properly.

But despite that, Bill's and Georgie's parents had wished that Bill would go with his little brother. As company even though he didn't take part in the search. But at least there would be someone familiar to provide support and comfort. That's how they saw it.

Georgie had said that he could take care of himself and would be fine but Bill didn't mind. Honestly, he didn't.

"You're right," Beverly pointed out as she removed two of three cards that Stanley had given her from the game. "We all agreed to accompany you. It's been nothing but sitting inside for a week after all," she continued as she accepted her fate and took the third card, adding it to the ones she was already holding.

"Yeah, right," Richie murmured, looking like he was about to fall asleep if you didn't know that he was just being theatrical. Beverly rolled her eyes and gave him a small shove with her elbow.

"Ow!" the boy whined, blinking his eyes open and looking at the girl beside him. The one who was giving him a look that said '*Seriously?*'.

"It's your turn," Beverly said with calm and collected voice, gaze dropping to where Richie was holding his cards. "And by the way, I can see your cards." A smile followed after that statement and the whole thing made Richie bring his hands and cards closer to his chest.

"Then don't look," he said as if that was a good argument. "That's cheating."

Beverly raised one eyebrow. "Oh, I don't need to cheat to win."

A group of giggles and laughs was heard around the circle, only Richie pursing his lips and throwing two cards at Eddie beside him. The boy with a fanny pack took the cards with a smile.

"Oh, is that a challenge?" Eddie asked, removing the two cards from the game. "Should we feel worried?" He gave Bill a card and exchanged looks with some of the boys. The others were smiling.

"I think we should be scared," Ben replied, nodding and smiling at Beverly who returned that smile.

"Perhaps," she said, lifting her eyebrows a little.

"Or this is just some mind games, you are trying to trick us," Eddie continued, pointing his finger at Beverly. "Honestly you don't know at all how this is going to end. Right?"

"This is going to end with your mom found eating those poor kids' eggs in the bushes," Richie replied, straightening his legs in front of him, pressing his palms against the blanket and leaning backwards against his arms.

Eddie raised his finger at Richie. "Hey, watch it, you...."

rustle

rustle

snap

The group fell silent. Eyes turned to look from one friend to another. Lips formed words like 'what', 'did you' and some other not worth repeating.

Then they heard it again.

snap

snap

Everyone turned towards the sound, now staring at a quite small bush almost beside their little camp. The sound of something moving continued, occasionally some leaves moving as well as the branches were obviously broken.

The bush was too small to hide any children, right? And they had not

noticed anyone coming this close to them. So...

"What the freak is it?" Eddie whispered, finding his voice, swallowing nervously and feeling ready to reach for his inhalator.

"Your mo..."

"Shut up," Bill said, eyes locked on the bush.

Then it stopped.

Silence settled and the leaves seemed to calm down like whatever it'd been had stopped. Only the voices of happy children were heard from some distance away.

Bill turned to look at the group. "Perhaps it..."

SNAP

Eddie screamed and jumped.

Richie got scared by Eddie's scream and threw his hands in front of his face.

Ben's mouth opened and eyes widened in surprise. Stanley followed his example.

Beverly's as well as Mike's head jerked upward, eyes going wide before focusing on the sight.

Bill's head snapped around to see what had happened. Breath momentarily caught in his throat before he too could truly see what was in front of them.

A rabbit.

A quite odd-looking rabbit.

Its head was almost pure white. The tips of those long ears were brownish, even orange color, just like its nose. That same color was faintly visible around the animal's mouth where two lines started and went all the way to reach the being's eyes. From neck downward the

fur was more like dull gray except for three same brownish circles on its chest. And those eyes, they were orange.

Richie lowered his hands as Eddie tried to put himself back together. Others seemed to just stare. Well, not everyone.

Beverly let out a small laugh. "Oh my gosh." She leaned more forward, taking in the sight before her.

The rabbit turned its ears and looked at the group, tilting its head.

"Penny, seriously, is that you?" Beverly asked with amused tone.

Only then the rest of the group seemed to understand as well.

"Dude, what the hell," Richie muttered, straightening his glasses.

Eddie pointed at the rabbit carefully. "That, that thing..." he stuttered. "That thing can be a wild animal. You know, those things spread disease..."

The rabbit lunged.

Really. Like actually, it jumped a meter forward and right towards Eddie who rewarded that deed with a yelp and another fall backwards. The rabbit's long ears stood tall and upward, those four tiny legs were slightly spread and the almost hidden mouth was now open, showing a couple of sharp looking teeth.

Scrambling back and away from the animal, Eddie looked like he was ready to run. And probably would have if Ben hadn't been behind him.

"Woah hey, calm down," Ben said, stopping Eddie from colliding with him and leaving right here and there.

The rest had mildly jumped at the sudden move but otherwise they seemed like they had recovered from the surprise.

Beverly tried again. "Penny."

The rabbit seemingly relaxed its form, sitting down and turning

towards her.

For a moment Beverly could see orange glowing in those eyes and then, it turned to calm blue. She smiled. "Yep, that's our clown," she confirmed and reached towards the animal. Fingers scratching gently the furry head, those changing eyes closed for a second, giving away the fact that it was enjoying the attention.

Bill straightened his back and crossed his legs. "W-what are you d-doing here?" he asked, just a little surprised that the clown would choose to visit them in such a visible place. And in such form.

"Doing what it does the best, scaring people shitless," Richie commented.

"Beep beep, Richie," Stanley said quietly and came closer, moving the cards that had been forgotten out of the way.

Pennywise, the rabbit, didn't give any type of answer, just stayed still for a moment longer until Beverly took her hand away. Then its eyes opened and it rose onto its hindlegs, the forelegs scrubbing a couple of times the fur on its face like trying to clean it up. A couple of strong shakes that made the long ears fly around like propellers finished the little moment and it settled down.

Before suddenly flipping on its side.

The group rewarded that stunt with laughs.

"I guess that our clown just wants to join us," Beverly finally said, collecting her breath. "You know, you might act like a rabbit, but that kind of color... so much for not making a scene."

Eddie who had settled down on the blanket looked a little reserved but sat there cross-legged anyway. "Yeah, if someone saw you, you could find yourself in a cage."

Richie rolled his eyes. "Like that would hold it."

"And it can make itself invisible or like that only certain people can see it," Ben pointed out.

"So to other people it could seem like we just got s-s-surprised by nothing," Bill thought out loud. There were some nods and Eddie looked at the rabbit, Pennywise.

"Why don't you just go scare someone your size then," he mumbled and probably would have continued, if there wasn't someone clearing their throat almost beside him.

"Well," Stanley said, nodding towards the small animal. "That is far smaller than us, so..."

Eddie pursed his lips and Stanley didn't finish. But there definitely was a smirk there on Stanley's face. As well as on some other group members' faces.

"Just let it stay here then, it's not like it's doing anything bad," Beverly replied, changing position and reaching for a couple of cards beside her. Changing the subject she looked around and asked: "Who's still ready to get their asses kicked?"

Slowly but still the challenge was heard and the group seemed to remember what they had been doing before. They started to collect the cards that had literally been thrown in all possible directions when the clown had arrived. The said clown stayed just lying on the blanket and not seemingly focusing on anything. Some dirty looks were thrown at its direction by certain someone but either it didn't notice them or it didn't care.

"Okay, is this all?" Stanley finally asked as they had piled the cards on the blanket.

Richie straightened the edge of the fabric and threw one more card into the pile. "No more here," he announced, dusting his hands.

Ben took the pile, organized it a little bit and started counting. Meanwhile others either straightened the blanket or silently counted with him. Until movement from their clown drew their attention.

Pennywise had sat up, now sitting in a position that you see rabbits normally use. The ears were straightened and turned, obviously listening to what was right behind it. The group looked from the

rabbit to where its ears had turned.

Silently, they cursed.

Bowers. And Victor and Belch.

"Well, well, isn't this cute," Henry's mocking voice carried over the distance that still was between them and the Losers. "The whole pathetic group together, playing home or what."

"That's more like your hobby," Richie muttered before even realizing he had spoken out loud.

Obviously he was still loud enough.

"What was that, you freak?" Henry said, glaring at the boy.

Richie didn't say anything. The rest just looked at the gang.

"What d-d-do you want th-this time?" Bill asked, taking Henry's attention away from Richie before anything worse would happen. "Y-you know there are adults t-t-to make sur..."

"Oh quit your stuttering," Henry laughed. "Who cares for some stupid egg hunt anyway. Those are for losers like you..." he turned to look at the direction where the children were running. Georgie was among those a couple children who appeared just then. "Or for whining babies like those."

Bill knew he clenched his jaw when hearing Henry talk about Georgie.

Henry on the other hand didn't seem to notice anything different from him and kept that smug expression on his face. "But now that you mentioned it, it would be interesting to see if those idiots noticed one of those kids missing," he wondered out loud, moving his gaze from one Loser to another. "Just one and..." He stopped, finally noticing the rabbit that had not moved since the gang's arrival.

Beverly looked at the silent animal. Not a single movement nor blink. However, the blue eyes were gone and were now dark orange, starting to threaten the line of red.

Pennywise was very, very obviously listening.

"And what's wrong with that one? Is it frozen or what, sitting like a little..." Henry went to give the rabbit a kick, already swinging his foot back and bringing it towards the unmoving animal.

The Losers had no time to react except for some of them raising their hands as a warning, their expressions changing from neutral to horrified, some objections being voiced in a hurry before it all happened.

The impact was so close.

Except... the rabbit moved.

Jumping aside and turning around to face Bowers, the rabbit let out a hiss and jumped teeth first towards the leg that was still in the air. The mouth full of miniature teeth of the clown itself sank into the smooth pant leg, through it and into the warm flesh.

The reaction was immediate.

Henry yelled. Kicking, shaking his leg he tried to get the rabbit loose its hold, not knowing what the hell was actually happening. Because that was not acting like any rabbit he knew.

"You little shit!" he yelled, backing away from the Losers while Victor and Belch looked in shock at the scene, not knowing what to do.

Then it let go.

Henry stumbled a couple of steps back and knelt down when feeling the searing pain on his calf. The calf part of his pants was torn and red, and red was starting to spread, flowing downward. The wound wasn't visible but all who saw the amount of blood could tell that it was bad. "Hey, you okay, man?" Victor tried to help his friend but Henry slapped the helping hand away.

The raging eyes turned to look at the spot where the rabbit had fallen. One second and Henry saw the tiny form standing there, alert and meeting his gaze without hesitation. The second the rabbit seemed to grow in every way possible.

Size of a wolf and mouth full of sharp teeth that were still red from Henry's blood. The fur around its neck seemed to stand up as its red eyes blazed with anger like Henry had never seen before. Its ears flattened against the top of its head. Feet spread and with a stance that looked like it was ready to attack again, the being now looked like something straight from horror story.

There was a growl. And then the first jump.

Despite the pain Henry was in, there was nothing to stop him then. He ran. And he screamed. "Let's get the fuck away from here!"

Victor and Belch didn't stay to wait.

Because that thing *wasn't stopping!*

Teeth visible the monster took a jump after jump, quickly following them without any problems to keep up with their speed.

The trio had probably never run as fast in their life as they all disappeared behind the bushes and trees, leaving the shocked Losers Club behind to watch their mascot in its terrifying form go after the three teens. The silence settled once more.

The seven teens looked at each other.

"Should we go after them?" Mike quickly said. "If Penny..."

"If we go after them, it will eat us! Didn't you see that?!" Eddie almost shouted.

"But if it kills them," Ben voiced his thoughts.

"I wouldn't mind." Richie threw his hands up.

"I'm so not going!" Eddie continued.

"If we let it, then it's our fault," Mike pointed out.

"Says who?" Eddie tilted his head.

"We need to go after them," Bill said loud enough to be heard over

others, getting their attention. Standing up quickly he was able to take a couple of steps towards the direction where the four had gone when he heard his name being called.

"Billy, look!" Georgie's excited voice reached his brother's ears as the boy himself ran to the group, holding a basket full of eggs. "Look how many I've found!"

Bill turned to Georgie, then at the direction he had been going. Then back at Georgie.

The younger boy's expression fell a little. "What's wrong, Billy?" Georgie's voice lost its cheerfulness.

Bill's stance relaxed a little as he knelt in front of Georgie, looking inside the basket his sibling held. Not wanting to be rude he tried to focus on this at least for a moment. "Wow, you didn't leave anything f-for others," Bill commented with a smile. It brightened Georgie's expression. "Nah, they had some too," he replied back.

Giving a small laugh, Bill nodded. "Hey, could..."

"Bill, look!" Beverly stopped him from continuing.

Bill's attention went to Beverly and then followed her hand that was pointing at the direction where the Bowers gang had vanished.

A normal size white and grey rabbit with its funny brownish patterns was hopping towards them, rushing over the green field of grass.

"Penny!" Georgie happily called his friend's name, put the basket down and knelt beside it.

Meanwhile Richie and Eddie shared questioning looks and mouthed "*how did he know?*", both shrugging in confusion.

Pennywise went straight to where Georgie was kneeling, sniffing the boy's knee as the boy petted the soft animal. "You came here too," he murmured fondly.

It was like a completely different animal or being now. Just exact opposite to the one the group had seen only minutes ago. Whatever

happened to Bowers and others, well that would need to wait. At least their clown looked clean now. No signs of the earlier attack was visible to their eyes at least. Bill however would without a doubt discuss about the subject with the clown when Georgie wouldn't be present. But not now.

Georgie shifted to sit cross-legged and the rabbit hopped to sit on his lap, making its ears fall flat on its head as the small furry body settled down comfortably. "Penny, don't get too comfortable. I must go soon or others will find the rest of the eggs," Georgie said but didn't stop petting his friend's soft back.

From where Beverly was sitting she could very well see the entire scene, and her expression was full of gentleness and softness as she saw the clown's eyes.

They were blue.